

SPRIAL

Written by

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INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

A private gynaecologist's medical room. Clean, white and sterile.

A young GIRL, 15, lays on a gynaecologist table, a medical sheet offering suitable coverage.

The doctor, DAN, (40's) with a pair of rubber gloves on, sits down on his wheeled chair and moves himself over beside her.

DAN  
(softly)  
I know this is awkward, but it'll  
be over before you know it.

She takes a deep breath, smiling at him as she tries her best to hide her obvious nerves.

YOUNG GIRL  
OK.

Dan moves himself into position. The examination begins.

DAN  
So, you're working for MR.  
Michaels?

YOUNG GIRL  
That's right.

DAN  
I've known him for many years.

YOUNG GIRL  
What's he like?

DAN  
(chuckles)  
Extremely rich.

YOUNG GIRL  
I already knew that.

DAN  
You just do what you need to do and  
he'll make sure that you're  
extremely happy.

YOUNG GIRL  
Is he good to you?

DAN  
He's just brought me a boat.

YOUNG GIRL

Nice.

DAN

What job has he given you?

YOUNG GIRL

Just working as a cashier. But I'm hoping for more.

DAN

Just do as he asks and he'll give you all that you want.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDE ROOM - DAY

Dan enters a small side room, pulling off his gloves he's met by MR. MICHAEL'S, (late 70's) sitting in his wheelchair, but still dressed in a smart suit and polished shoes.

MR. MICHAEL

And the result?

DAN

(grinning)

She's a virgin. One hundred percent.

Mr. Michael rocks in his chair, excited.

MR. MICHAEL

Wonderful. Beautiful isn't she?

Dan is suddenly uncomfortable.

DAN

I'm happily married sir.

Mr. Michael nods, reaching into his jacket he removes an envelope and tosses it across to Dan. Dan catches it.

MR. MICHAEL

I'll have more girls for you to look over in the coming days.

DAN

Thank you sir.

MR. MICHAEL

Send her into me. I'd like to do a proper introduction.

Dan opens the envelope, it's stuffed full of money. Dan's eyes fill with greed.

FADE TO:

INT. SIDE ROOM - DAY

The door is eased open and the young girl enters, she aims a smile at MR. Michael. He waves her in.

MR. MICHAEL

(warm)

Come on in. And Congratulations. I don't go about giving out jobs to just anyone.

YOUNG GIRL

Thank you. I'm excited.

He nods, pleased to hear it.

MR. MICHAEL

Happy to be here?

YOUNG GIRL

Yes sir.

MR. MICHAEL

Good.

Mr. Michael then stands up out of his wheelchair and walks over to the door. The young girl is caught off guard, surprised.

YOUNG GIRL

You can walk?

MR. MICHAEL

(amused)

Why, what have you heard?

She hesitates, stumbling over her words.

MR. MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Go on.

YOUNG GIRL

I got told you'd been in a wheelchair since you were a kid.

MR. MICHAEL

I love hearing rumours about myself.

He locks the door then turns to face her. The sound of the door locking causes her to flinch.

MR. MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You can have a very long future  
with my company. But first there's  
something you need to do for me.

She's frozen with fear, and doesn't like this at all.

Mr. Michael marches over to her, forcing a kiss onto her lips. She resists and pushes him away.

YOUNG GIRL  
(scared)  
What are you doing?

MR. MICHAEL  
(annoyed)  
This can be over with very quickly,  
or it could take a very long time.  
It's up to you. But it's happening.

YOUNG GIRL  
I don't understand.

Mr. Michael takes a hold of her throat and pins her up against the wall behind her. He squeezes.

MR. MICHAEL  
(demanding)  
Take off your clothes. Make it nice  
and quick. It'll be better for both  
of us that way.

Tears roll down her face, gasping, she's struggling to breathe.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Parked up, Dan sits in the driver's seat, emptying out all the money he plays with it, throwing it up into the air and celebrating.

FADE TO:

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dan marches triumphantly into the kitchen. EMMA, (40's) is already here, sitting up at the table and typing away on her laptop, clearly doing work from home. Her glasses on the end of her nose.

Dan slaps down the envelope of money in front of her.

DAN

Book a trip to Sicily. It's on.  
We'll go for two weeks. And let's  
have pizza tonight.

She inspects the money, and can't help but smile.

EMMA

I don't know many doctors that work  
cash in hand?

DAN

And I don't know many wives that  
get treated to first class flights  
and five star hotels ten times a  
year.

EMMA

Well, it's not me you need to  
convince. It's her up there.

DAN

She'll come.

EMMA

Well, you're asking her.

DAN

Stuck in her room all day?

EMMA

Teenagers.

INT. DAN'S HOUSE - MILLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MILLIE, 14, is sitting on her bed, playing on her phone and  
with large headphones on she's tapping her feet to the music  
she's listening to.

A messy, cluttered teenage girl's bedroom.

A knock on her door, but with her headphones on she doesn't  
hear it.

Dan slowly opens the door. Millie sees it and is instantly  
furious.

MILLIE

(whipping her headphones  
off)  
Close the door!

DAN  
(taken aback)  
Pizza tonight?

MILLIE  
Close the door.

DAN  
I'm taking your mother to Italy for  
a week, and you're coming with us.

MILLIE  
Close the door!

Dan rolls his eyes, giving up. He takes a step back and slams her bedroom shut.

FADE TO:

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Another young 16 year old GIRL is on the gynaecologist table. Dan is examining her.

YOUNG GIRL  
What's he like to work for? Is it  
true that he's the richest man in  
the world?

DAN  
(smiling politely)  
That's what I've heard.

YOUNG GIRL  
Everything Ok?

DAN  
(taking off his medical  
gloves)  
Just fine. Everything is perfect.  
You can get dressed now.

INT. SIDE ROOM - DAY

Dan enters the side room. Mr. Michael again waits, sitting in his wheelchair.

MR. MICHAEL  
So?

DAN  
 (shaking his head)  
 Not a virgin.

MR. MICHAEL  
 (disappointed)  
 For the love of god. Could this day  
 get any worse.

Mr. Michael, clearly rattled, still removes an envelope of money and throws it at Dan.

DAN  
 What's the matter sir?

MR. MICHAEL  
 My driver is late. Says he's got a  
 punctured tyre.  
 (pointing at Dan)  
 So that means, you're giving me a  
 ride home.

Dan pulls a face. It's clear he doesn't want to, but doesn't know how to say no.

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan drives with Mr. Michael in the back, but he's fast asleep. Dan's phone rings, Emma is calling.

DAN  
 (answering the call)  
 Hey.

EMMA  
 You need to get Millie from school.

DAN  
 (laughing)  
 No way. Not a chance.

EMMA  
 Well I can't.

DAN  
 Do you have any idea who I have in  
 the car with me right now?

EMMA  
 I don't care if you've got the pope  
 in the car with you, you need to  
 pick up Millie.



DAN  
And why can't you?

EMMA  
Dan!

DAN  
I'm serious.

EMMA  
I can't. You can. So pick her up.  
If neither of us are there to get  
her, she'll explode.

DAN  
(annoyed)  
And what about you?

EMMA  
(angry)  
I'm packing for this trip to Italy  
that you're making us all go on.  
Clothes, passports, money. So pick  
her up.

Emma ends the call.

DAN  
(muttering)  
Fucking ungrateful bitch.

FADE TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Dan pulls up to a stop. He winds down his driver's side window to see Millie outside.

MILLIE  
(unimpressed)  
Where's Mum?

DAN  
She sent me to come get you. Sit up  
front.

Millie peers inside the car, sees the old man asleep in the back.

MILLIE  
Who's he?

DAN  
Just get in the front and don't  
wake him up.

MILLIE  
(raising her voice)  
Hey, who are you?

This shout wakes MR. Michael up.

MR. MICHAEL  
Oh, hello.

FADE TO:

INT. DAN'S CAR - DAY

Millie is now sitting in the back with Mr. Michael. Dan drives them, but looks furious. His hands gripping the steering wheel so tight that his knuckles are white.

MILLIE  
(to Mr. Michael)  
My dad is always talking about it.  
He thinks you're like the best  
thing ever.

DAN  
(correcting)  
Not always.

MR. MICHAEL  
(eyes locked on Millie)  
Well, I always thought his daughter  
was nothing but a little child. But  
you're not a child are you?

MILLIE  
No, still treats me like a baby.

MR. MICHAEL  
(smirking)  
Don't you hate it when they do  
that?

DAN  
(to Millie)  
Still in school.

MR. MICHAEL  
(leering at Millie)  
How old are you Millie?

DAN  
She's only fourteen.

MR. MICHAEL  
(leaning in close to  
Millie)  
Only fourteen? You look older.

She rolls her eyes.

MR. MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I already had a job when I was your  
age.

MILLIE  
Really?

MR. MICHAEL  
Would you like a job?

She laughs.

MILLIE  
My dad is right about one thing. I  
do have school.

MR. MICHAEL  
What about weekends? You don't go  
to school on weekends?

DAN  
She's busy.

MR. MICHAEL  
(to Millie)  
I need a personal assistant.

MILLIE  
For what?

MR. MICHAEL  
I can't walk Millie. Just someone  
on weekends to push me around my  
house.

MILLIE  
Big house?

MR. MICHAEL  
Huge.

DAN  
Like I said, she's busy.

MR. MICHAEL  
 (to Millie)  
 A couple of hours Saturday? A  
 couple of hours Sunday?

MILLIE  
 I don't know.

MR. MICHAEL  
 Five hundred for four hours on  
 Saturday. Five hundred for four  
 hours on Sunday. That's a thousand  
 for eight hours work. Not bad. Not  
 bad at all.

MILLIE  
 (excited)  
 You're serious?

Dan is twisting in his chair, he's close to exploding with  
 rage.

DAN  
 No!

MR. MICHAEL  
 (ignoring Dan)  
 You can start this weekend.

MILLIE  
 Can I dad?

MR. MICHAEL  
 Of course you can.

DAN  
 No! I mean it. No fucking way. This  
 isn't fucking funny. No, no, no!

MILLIE  
 (furious)  
 DAD! I want to!

MR. MICHAEL  
 Then you can.

MILLIE  
 Alright, I'll see you this weekend.

MR. Michael takes a hold of her hand, kisses the top of it.

MR. MICHAEL  
 It's a deal.

Dan sees the kiss through his rear view mirror and it's the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Dan slams on the car's brakes and brings it to a hard, sudden stop.

Dan climbs out of the car and marches around to the back. He rips open the back passenger door to MR. Michael.

DAN

Get the fuck out of my car.

MR. MICHAEL

(snapping back)

Have you lost your fucking mind?

DAN

Get the fuck away from my daughter.

MR. MICHAEL

How dare you talk to me like this.

DAN

Out!

MR. MICHAEL

All the money I've given you...

DAN

(interrupting)

Get the fuck out before I drag you out.

MR. Michael sees the car keys still in the ignition. He then comes back to Dan and punches him in the throat. The blow causes Dan to collapse to the ground.

MILLIE

(crying out)

DAD!

MR. Michael leaps into the driver's seat, suddenly not looking so frail and old. He grabs a hold of the steering wheel.

MR. MICHAEL

(glances back at Millie)

This can be over with quickly or slowly, up to you.

He slams his foot down and the car speeds away.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dan picks himself back up, short of breath from the blow to his throat. He watches as his car drives away at speed. Hands on his head, Dan is lost. He doesn't know what to do.

DAN  
(screaming)  
No!

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**